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BON GAULTIER

The Book of Ballads

EDITED BY

BON GUALTIER

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO.

PRINTED BY VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO.

THE

BOOK OF BALLADS:

Edited by Bon Gaultier,

AND

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Wm. Edmondstoune Aytoun & Sir Theodore Martin

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER.

MDCCCXLV.

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LONDON:
VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.



L'Enboy.

Come, buy my laps, and read them if pou list;
My pensibe public, if pou list not, buy.
Come, for pou know me. I am he who sung
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Middicomb the wild and wond'rous song.
Come, listen to my laps, and pou shall hear

How Wordsworth, battling for the laureate's wreath,
Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's womb.
Come, listen to my lays, and ye shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you "bright-harped" Tennyson shall sing,
Macaulay chant a more than Roman lay;
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Howl melancholy homage to the moon:
For you once more Montgomery shall rabe
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme;
Nankeened Cockaigne shall pipe its puny note,
And our Young England's penny trumpet blow.

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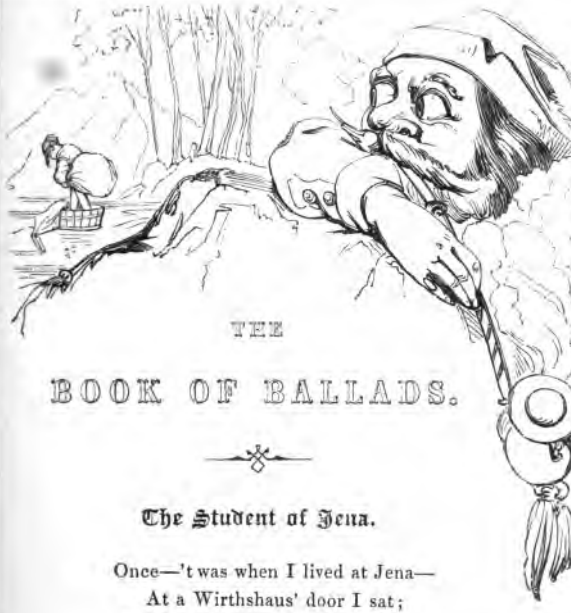
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THE

BOOK OF BALLADS.

The Student of Jena.

Once—'t was when I lived at Jena—
At a Wirthshaus' door I sat;
And, in pensive contemplation,
Eat the sausage thick and fat;
Eat the kraut, that never sourer
Tasted to my lips than here;
Smoked my pipe of strong canaster,
Sipped my fifteenth jug of beer;
Gazed upon the glancing river,
Gazed upon the tranquil pool,
Whence the silver-voiced Undine,
When the nights were calm and cool,

As the Baron Fouqué tells us,
Rose from out her shelly grot,
Casting glamour o'er the waters,
Witching that enchanted spot.
From the shadow which the coppice
Flings across the rippling stream,
Did I hear a sound of music—
Was it thought or was it dream?
There, beside a pile of linen,
Stretched along the daisied sward,
Stood a young and blooming maiden—
'T was her thrush-like song I heard.
Evermore within the eddy
Did she plunge the white chemise;
And her robes were loosely gathered
Rather far above her knees;
Then my breath at once forsook me,
For too surely did I deem
That I saw the fair Undine,
Standing in the glancing stream—
And I felt the charm of knighthood:
And from that remembered day,
Every evening to the Wirthshaus
Took I my enchanted way.
Shortly to relate my story,
Many a week of summer long,
Came I there, when beer-o'ertaken,
With my lute and with my song;

Sang, in mellow-toned soprano,
All my love and all my woe,
Till the river-maiden answered,
Lilting in the stream below:—
"Fair Undine! sweet Undine!
Dost thou love as I love thee?"
"Love is free as running water,"
Was the answer made to me.
Thus, in interchange seraphic,
Did I woo my phantom fay,
Till the nights grew long and chilly,
Short and shorter grew the day;
Till at last—'t was dark and gloomy,
Dull and starless was the sky;
And my steps were all unsteady,
For a little flushed was I.
To the well-accustomed signal
No response the maiden gave;
But I heard the waters washing,
And the moaning of the wave.
Vanished was my own Undine,
All her linen, too, was gone;
And I walked about, lamenting,
On the river bank alone.
Idiot that I was, for never
Had I asked the maiden's name.
Was it Lieschen—was it Gretchen?
Had she tin—or whence she came?

So I took my trusty meerschaum,
And I took my lute likewise;
Wandered forth, in minstrel fashion,
Underneath the lowering skies;
Sang before each comely Wirthshaus,
Sang, beside each purling stream,
That same ditty which I chanted
When Undine was my theme.
Singing, as I sang at Jena,
When the shifts were hung to dry,
"Fair Undine! young Undine!
Dost thou love as well as I?"
But, alas! in field or village,
Or beside the pebbly shore,
Did I see those glancing ankles,
And the white robe, never more;
And no answer came to greet me,
No sweet voice to mine replied;
But I heard the waters rippling,
And the moaning of the tide.



"The moaning of the *tied*."

The Biter Bit.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell;
It rises o'er the upland,—it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And she clings closely to his side, she does, the demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,—
The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the wood;
The boughs, that oft have echoed back the words that won my ear,
Now bend their blossoms o'er him as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again;
Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother, he said I looked for gold;
He said I did not love him,—that my words were few and cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game,—
And it may be that I did, mother; but who has n't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me,—and he has gone elsewhere,
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;
And, mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!



"Love gone to pot."

The Knyghte

and

The Taylzeour's Daughter.

Did you ever hear the story—
Old the legend is and true—
How a knyghte of fame and glory
All aside his armour threw;
Spouted spear and pawned habergeon,
Pledged his sword and surcoat gay,
Sate down cross-legged on the shop-board,
Sate and stitched the live-long day?

"Taylzeour! not one single shilling
Does my breeches' pocket hold,
I to pay am really willing,
If I only had the gold.
Farmers none can I encounter,
Graziers there are none to kill;
Therefore, prithee, gentle taylzeour,
Bother not about thy bill."

"Good Sir Knyghte, just once too often
Have you tried that slippery trick;
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,
Vainly do you ask for tick.
Christmas and its bills are coming,
Soon will they be showering in;
Therefore, once for all, my rum 'un,
I expect you 'll post the tin.

"Mark, Sir Knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,
In the palmer's amice brown;
He shall lead you unto jail, if
You do n't instantly stump down."
Deeply swore the young crusader,
But the taylzeour would not hear;
And the gloomy, bearded bayliffe
Evermore kept sneaking near.

"Neither groat nor maravedi,
Have I got, my soul to bless;
And I 'd feel extremely seedy,
Languishing in vile duresse.
Therefore, listen, ruthless taylzeour,
Take my steed and armour free,
Pawn them at thy Hebrew uncle's,
And I 'll work the rest for thee."

Lightly leaped he on the shop-board,
Lightly crooked his manly limb,
Lightly drove the glancing needle,
Through the growing doublet's rim.
Gaberdines in countless number
Did the taylzeour-knyghte repair!
And entirely on cucumber,
And on cabbage, lived he there.

Once his weary task beguiling
With a melancholy song,
That good knyghte o'er miles of broadcloth
Drove the hissing goose along;
From her lofty lattice window,
Looked the taylzeour's daughter down,
And she instantly discovered,
That her heart was not her own.

"Canst thou love me, gentle stranger?"
Blushing like a rose she stood—
And the knyghte at once admitted,
That he rather thought he could.
"He who weds me shall have riches,
Gold, and lands and houses free."
"For a single pair of—*small-clothes*,
I would roam the world with thee."

Then she flung him down the tickets—
Well the knyghte their import knew—
"Take this gold, and win thy armour
From the unbelieving Jew.
Though in garments mean and lowly,
Thou wouldst roam the world with me,
Only as a belted warrior,
Stranger, will I wed with thee!"



At the feast of good Saint Alban,
In the middle of the Spring,
There was some superior jousting
By the order of the king.
"Valiant knyghtes!" exclaimed the monarch,
"You will please to understand,
He who bears himself most bravely,
Shall obtain my daughter's hand."

Well and bravely did they bear them,
Bravely battled, one and all;
But the bravest in the tourney
Was a warrior stout and tall.
None could tell his name or lineage,
None could meet him in the field,
And a goose regardant proper
Hissed upon his azure shield.

"Warrior, thou hast won my daughter!"
But the champion bowed his knee,
"Princely blood may not be wasted
On a simple knyghte like me.
She I love is meek and lowly;
But her heart is high and frank;
And there must be tin forthcoming,
That will do as well as rank."

Slowly rose that nameless warrior,
Slowly turned his steps aside,
Passed the lattice where the princess
Sate in beauty and in pride.
Passed the row of noble ladies,
Hied him to an humbler seat,
And in silence laid the chaplet
At the taylzeour's daughter's feet.



The Lay of the Lobelorn.

Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,
I shall leave you for a little, for I 'd like to take the air.

Whether 't was the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

Let me go. Now, Chuckster, blow me, 'pon my soul, this is too bad!
When you want me, ask the waiter, he knows where I 'm to be had.

Whew! This is a great relief now! Let me but undo my stock,
Resting, here beneath the porch, my nerves will steady like a rock.

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd! Why, surely, there 's a brace of moons!

See, the stars, how bright they twinkle, winking with a frosty glare,
Like my faithless cousin Amy, when she drove me to despair.

Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!
I must wear the mournful willow,—all around my hat I've bound it.

Falser than the Bank of Fancy,—frailer than a shilling glove,
Puppet to a father's anger,—minion to a nabob's love!

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me, could you ever
Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a liver?

Happy! Damme! Thou shalt lower, day by day, to suit thy lot—
Thy China clay all turning to the common kind of gallipot.

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued and old;
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour of his gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely, then,
Something lower than his hookah,—something less than his cayenne.

What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was't the claret? Oh, no, no,—
Bless your soul, it was the salmon,—salmon always makes him so.

Better thou wert dead before me,—better, better that I stood
Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured Daniel Good!

Better, thou and I were lying, cold and timber-stiff and dead,
With a pan of burning charcoal underneath the nuptial bed!

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul to sin!
Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the want of tin!

Cursed be the marriage contract, that enslaved thy soul to greed
Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew the deed!

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did earn!
Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole concern!

* * * * *

Oh, 't is well, that I should bluster,—much I 'm like to make of that;
Better comfort have I found in singing "All Around my Hat."

But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British ears.
'T will not do to pine for ever,—I am getting up in years.

Can 't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly press,
And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretchedness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation, that in manhood's dawn I knew,
When my days were all before me, and my years were twenty-two.

When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quadrant wide,
With the many larks of London flaring up on every side.

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come,
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb.

Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh heavens!
Brandy at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking hot at Evans'!

Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in tears,
Saw the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades of years!

Saw Jack Sheppard, noble stripling, act his wondrous feats again,
Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's daisy chain.

Might was right, and all the terrors which had held the world in awe
Were despised, and prigging prospered, spite of Lawrie, spite of law.

In such scenes as these I triumphed, ere my passion's edge was rusted,
And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much disgusted!

Since my heart is sere and withered, and I do not care a pin,
Whether worse shall be the better, who shall lose or who shall win.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, bawling for another jorum;
They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear before 'em;

Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least as go arrayed
In the most expensive satins and the newest silk brocade.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spitalfields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primæval pride.

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava root,
Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple main
Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envious rule prevents,
Sink the steam-boats! cuss the railways! rot, O rot the Three per Cents!

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will take some savage woman—nay, I'll take at least a dozen.

They shall rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared,
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the moon.

I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood will daily quaff,
Ride a tiger-hunting mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noon-day slumbers iron-bound rhinoceroses.

Fool! again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian cad.

I the swell—the city dandy! I to seek such horrid places,—
I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips and monkey-faces.

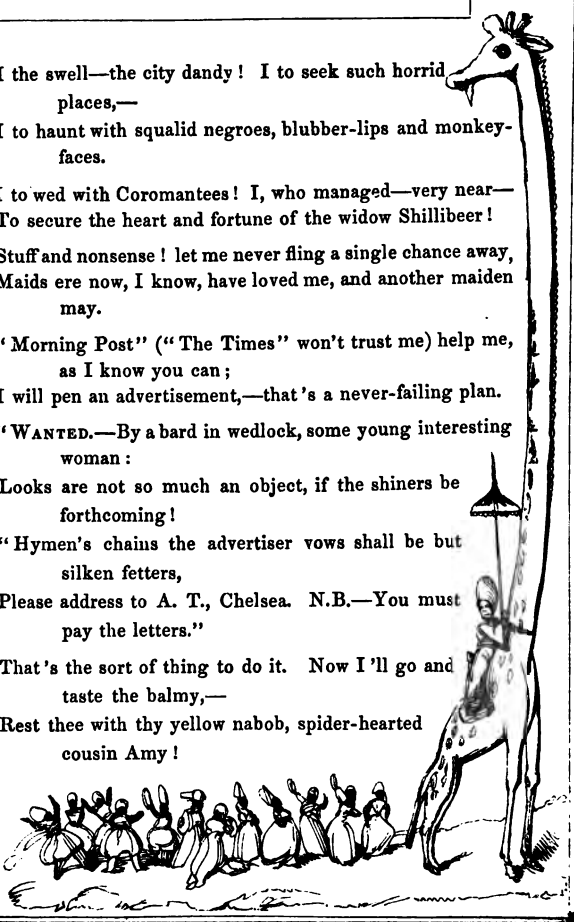
I to wed with Coromantees! I, who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer!

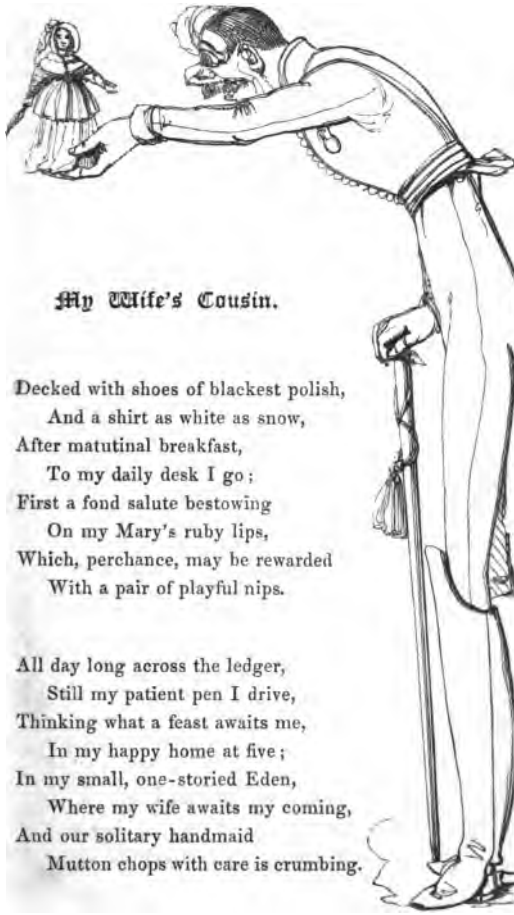
Stuff and nonsense! let me never fling a single chance away,
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden may.

"Morning Post" ("The Times" won't trust me) help me, as I know you can;
I will pen an advertisement,—that's a never-failing plan.

"WANTED.—By a bard in wedlock, some young interesting woman:
Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be forthcoming!
"Hymen's chains the advertiser vows shall be but silken fetters,
Please address to A. T., Chelsea. N.B.—You must pay the letters."

That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go and taste the balmy,—
Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted cousin Amy!





My Wife's Cousin.

Decked with shoes of blackest polish,
And a shirt as white as snow,
After matutinal breakfast,
To my daily desk I go;
First a fond salute bestowing
On my Mary's ruby lips,
Which, perchance, may be rewarded
With a pair of playful nips.

All day long across the ledger,
Still my patient pen I drive,
Thinking what a feast awaits me,
In my happy home at five;
In my small, one-storied Eden,
Where my wife awaits my coming,
And our solitary handmaid
Mutton chops with care is crumbing.

When the clock proclaims my freedom,
Then my hat I seize and vanish;
Every trouble from my bosom,
Every anxious care I banish.
Swiftly brushing o'er the pavement,
At a furious pace I go,
Till I reach my darling dwelling,
In the wilds of Pimlico.

"Mary, wife, where art thou, dearest?"
Thus I cry, while yet afar;
Ah! what scent invades my nostrils?—
'T is the smoke of a cigar!
Instantly into the parlour
Like a maniac I haste,
And I find a young Life-Guardsman,
With his arm round Mary's waist.

And his other hand is playing
Most familiarly with her's;
And I think my Brussels carpet
Somewhat damaged by his spurs.
"Fire and furies! what the blazes?"
Thus in frenzied wrath I call;
When my spouse her arms upraises,
With a most astounding squall.

"Was there ever such a monster:
Ever such a wretched wife?
Ah! how long must I endure it:
How protract this hateful life?
All day long quite unprotected,
Does he leave his wife at home;
And she cannot see her cousins,
Even when they kindly come!"

Then the young Life-Guardsman, rising,
Scarce vouchsafes a single word,
But with look of deadly menace,
Claps his hand upon his sword;
And in fear I faintly falter—
"This your cousin, then he's mine!
Very glad, indeed, to see you,—
Won't you stop with us, and dine?"

Won't a ferret suck a rabbit?—
As a thing of course he stops;
And, with most voracious swallow,
Walks into my mutton chops.
In the twinkling of a bed-post,
Is each savoury platter clear,
And he shows uncommon science
In his estimate of beer.

Half-and-half goes down before him,
Gurgling from the pewter pot;
And he moves a counter motion
For a glass of something hot.
Neither chops nor beer I grudge him,
Nor a moderate share of goes;
But I know not why he 's always
Treading upon Mary's toes.

Evermore, when home returning,
From the counting-house I come,
Do I find the young Life-Guardsman
Smoking pipes and drinking rum.
Evermore he stays to dinner,
Evermore devours my meal;
For I have a wholesome horror
Both of powder and of steel.

Yet I know he 's Mary's cousin,
For my only son and heir
Much resembles that young Guardsman,
With the self-same curly hair;
But I wish he would not always
Spoil my carpet with his spurs;
And I 'd rather see his fingers
In the fire than touching hers.

The Laureates' Tourney.

BY THE HON. T——— B——— M'A———.

[This and the four following Poems were among those forwarded to the Home Secretary, by the unsuccessful competitors for the Laureateship, on its becoming vacant by the death of Southey. How they came into our possession is a matter between Sir James Graham and ourselves. The result of the contest could never have been doubtful, least of all to the great poet who now wears the bays. His own sonnet on the subject is full of the serene consciousness of superiority, which does not even admit the idea of rivalry, far less of defeat.

Bays, which in former days have graced the brow
Of some, who lived and loved, and sung and died;
Leaves, that were gathered on the pleasant side
Of old Parnassus from Apollo's bough;
With palpitating hand I take ye now,
Since worthier minstrel there is none beside,
And with a thrill of song half deified,
I bind them proudly on my locks of snow.
There shall they bide, till he who follows next,
Of whom I cannot even guess the name,
Shall by Court favour, or some vain pretext
Of fancied merit, desecrate the same,—
And think, perchance, he wears them quite as well,
As the sole bard who sang of Peter Bell!]

FYTTE THE FIRST.

"What news, what news, thou pilgrim grey, what news from
southern land?
How fare the bold Conservatives, how is it with Ferrand?

How does the little Prince of Wales — how looks our lady Queen;
And tell me, is the gentle Brough* once more at Windsor seen?"

"I bring no tidings from the court, nor from St. Stephen's hall;
I've heard the thundering tramp of horse, and the trumpet's battle call;
And these old eyes have seen a fight, which England ne'er hath seen,
Since fell King Richard sobbed his soul through blood on Bosworth Green.

"He's dead, he's dead, the Laureate's dead!" 'Twas thus the cry began,
And straightway every garret roof gave up its minstrel man;
From Grub Street, and from Houndsditch, and from Farringdon Within,
The poets all towards Whitehall poured on with eldritch din.

Loud yelled they for Sir James the Graham: but sore afraid was he;
A hardy knight were he that might face such a minstrelsie.
"Now by St. Giles of Netherby, my patron saint, I swear,
I'd rather by a thousand crowns Lord Palmerston were here!—

* For the convenience of future commentators it may be mentioned, that the "gentle Brough" was the Monthly Nurse who attended her Majesty on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal.

"What is 't ye seek, ye rebel knaves, what make you there
beneath?"
"The bays, the bays! we want the bays! we seek the laureate
wreath!
We seek the butt of generous wine that cheers the sons of song:
Choose thou among us all, Sir Knight—we may not tarry long!"

Loud laughed the good Sir James in scorn—"Rare jest it
were, I think,
But one poor butt of Xeres, and a thousand rogues to drink!
An' if it flowed with wine or beer, 't is easy to be seen,
That dry within the hour would be the well of Hippocrene.

"Tell me, if on Parnassus' heights there grow a thousand sheaves:
Or has Apollo's laurel bush yet borne ten hundred leaves?
Or if so many leaves were there, how long would they sustain
The ravage and the glutton bite of such a locust train?

"No! get ye back into your dens, take counsel for the night,
And choose me out two champions to meet in deadly fight;
Tomorrow's dawn shall see the lists marked out in Spitalfields,
And he who wins shall have the bays, and he shall die who
yields!"

Down went the window with a crash,—in silence and in fear
Each ragged bard looked anxiously upon his neighbour near;
Then up and spake young Tennyson—"Who 's here, that fears
for death?
'T were better one of us should die, than England lose the wreath!

"Let's cast the lots among us now, which two shall fight tomorrow;—
For armour bright we'll club our mite, and horses we can borrow.
'T were shame that bards of France should sneer, and German *Dichters* too,
If none of British song would dare a deed of *derring-do!*"

"The lists of Love are mine," said Moore, "and not the lists of Mars;"
Said Hunt, "I seek the jars of wine, but shun the combat's jars!"
"I'm old," quoth Samuel Rogers.—"Faith," says Campbell, "so am I!"
"And I'm in holy orders, sirs!" quoth Tom of Ingoldsby.

"Now out upon ye, craven loons!" cried Moxon, good at need,—
"Bide, if ye will, secure at home, and sleep while others bleed.
I second Alfred's motion, boys,—let's try the chance of lot,
And monks shall sing, and bells shall ring, for him that goes to pot."

Eight hundred minstrels slunk away—two hundred stayed to draw,—
Now Heaven protect the daring wight that pulls the longest straw!
'T is done! 't is done! And who hath won? Keep silence, one and all,—
The first is William Wordsworth hight, the second Ned Fitzball!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Oh, bright and gay hath dawned the day on lordly Spital-
fields,—
How flash the rays with ardent blaze from polished helms
and shields!
On either side the chivalry of England throng the green,
And in the middle balcony appears our gracious Queen.

With iron fists, to keep the lists, two valiant knights appear,
The Marquis Hal of Waterford, and stout Sir Aubrey Vere.
"What ho, there, herald, blow the trump! Let's see who
comes to claim
The butt of golden Xeres, and the Laureate's honoured
name!"

That instant dashed into the lists, all armed from head to
heel,
On courser brown, with vizor down, a warrior sheathed in
steel;
Then said our Queen—"Was ever seen so stout a knight
and tall?
His name—his race?"—"An't please your grace, it is the
brave Fitzball.

" Oft in the Melodrama line his prowess hath been shown,
And well throughout the Surrey side his thirst for blood is known.
But see, the other champion comes!"—Then rung the startled air
With shouts of " Wordsworth, Wordsworth, ho! the bard of Rydal's there."

And lo, upon a little steed, unmeet for such a course,
Appeared the honoured veteran; but weak seemed man and horse.
Then shook their ears the sapient peers,—" That joust will soon be done:
My Lord of Brougham, I 'll back Fitzball, and give you two to one!"

" Done," quoth the Brougham,—" and done with you!"
" Now, minstrels, are you ready?"
Exclaimed the Lord of Waterford,—" You 'd better both sit steady.
Blow, trumpets, blow the note of charge! and forward to the fight!"
" Amen!" said good Sir Aubrey Vere; " Saint Schism defend the right!"

As sweeps the blast against the mast, when blows the furious squall,
So started at the trumpet's sound the terrible Fitzball;
His lance he bore his breast before,—Saint George protect the just,
Or Wordsworth's hoary head must roll within the shameful dust!

"Who threw that calthrop? Seize the knave!" Alas, the deed is done;
Down went the steed, and o'er his head flew bright Apollo's son.
"Undo his helmet! cut the lace! pour water on his head!"
"It ain't no use at all, my lord; 'cos vy? the covey's dead!"

Above him stood the Rydal bard—his face was full of woe,—
"Now there thou liest, stiff and stark, who never feared a foe.
A braver knight, or more renowned in tourney and in hall,
Ne'er brought the upper gallery down, than terrible Fitzball!"

They led our Wordsworth to the Queen—she crowned him with the bays,
And wished him many happy years, and many quarter-days,—
And if you'd have the story told by abler lips than mine,
You've but to call at Rydal Mount, and taste the Laureate's wine!

The Royal Banquet.

BY THE HON. G——— S——— S———.

The Queen, she kept high festival in Windsor's lordly hall,
And round her sat the gartered knights, and ermined nobles all;
There drank the valiant Wellington, there fed the wary Peel,
And at the bottom of the board Prince Albert carved the veal.

"What, pantler, ho! remove the cloth! Ho! cellarer, the wine,
And bid the royal nurse bring in the hope of Brunswick's line!"
Then rose with one tumultuous shout the band of British peers,
"God bless her sacred Majesty! Let 's see the little dears!"

Now, by Saint George, our patron saint, 'twas a touching sight to see
That iron warrior gently place the Princess on his knee;
To hear him hush her infant fears, and teach her how to gape
With rosy mouth expectant for the raisin and the grape!

They passed the wine, the sparkling wine—they filled the goblets up,
Even Brougham, the cynic anchorite, smiled blandly on the cup;
And Lyndhurst, with a noble thirst, that nothing could appease,
Proposed the immortal memory of King William on his knees.

"What want we here, my gracious liege," cried good Lord Aberdeen,
"Save gladsome song and minstelsy to flow our cups between?
I ask not now for Goulburn's voice or Knatchbull's warbling lay,
But where 's the Poet Laureate to grace our board to-day?"

Loud laughed the Knight of Netherby, and scornfully he cried,
"Or art thou mad with wine, Lord Earl, or art thyself beside?
Eight hundred Bedlam bards have claimed the Laureate's vacant crown,
And now like frantic Bacchanals run wild through London town!"

"Now glory to our gracious Queen!" a voice was heard to cry,
And dark Macaulay stood before them all with frenzied eye;
"Now glory to our gracious Queen, and all her glorious race,
A boon, a boon, my sovran liege! Give me the Laureate's place!

"'T was I that sang the might of Rome, the glories of Navarre;
And who could swell the fame so well of Britain's Isles afar?
The hero of a hundred fights—" Then Wellington up sprung,
"Ho, silence in the ranks, I say! Sit down, and hold your tongue.

"By heaven thou shalt not twist my name into a jingling lay,
Or mimic in thy puny song the thunders of Assaye!
'T is hard that for thy lust of place in peace we cannot dine.
Nurse, take her Royal Highness here! Sir Robert, pass the wine!"

"No laureate need we at our board!" then spoke the Lord of Vaux;
"Here's many a voice to charm the ear with minstrel song, I know,
Even I myself—" Then rose the cry—"A song, a song from Brougham!"
He sang,—and straightway found himself alone within the room.

The Laureate.

BY A——— T———.

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?

'T is I would be the Laureate bold!
When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I 'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I 'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord;
But I 'd lie on my back on the smooth, green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I 'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds as listless as I,
Lazily, lazily!
And I 'd pick the moss and the daisies white,
And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite;
And I 'd let my fancies roam abroad
In search of a hint for a birth-day ode,
Crazily, crazily!

—— Oh, that would be the life for me,
With plenty to get, and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,
Dreamingly, dreamingly.
Then the chambermaids that clean the rooms,
Would come to the windows and rest on their brooms,
With their saucy caps and their crispéd hair,
And they'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
And say to each other—"Just look down there,
At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
Handsomely, handsomely!"

They would pelt me with matches and sweet pastilles,
And crumpled up balls of the royal bills,
Giggling and laughing, and screaming with fun,
As they'd see me start, with a leap and a run,
From the broad of my back to the points of my toes,
When a pellet of paper hit my nose,
Sneezingly, sneezingly.
Then I'd fling them bunches of garden flowers,
And hyacinths plucked from the Castle bowers;
And I'd challenge them all to come down to me,
And I'd kiss them all till they kisséd me,
Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
Apart from care, and apart from strife,
With the Laureate's wine, and the Laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day?

Oh, that would be the post for me!
With plenty to get, and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkably few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two,
Quaffingly, quaffingly!

'T is I would be
The Laureate bold,
With my butt of sherry,
To keep me merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

A Midnight Meditation.

By SIR E——— B——— L———.

Fill me once more the foaming pewter up!
Another board of oysters, ladye mine!
To-night Lucullus with himself shall sup.
These mute inglorious Miltons are divine;
And as I here in slippered ease recline,
Quaffing of Perkins' Entire my fill,
I sigh not for the lymph of Aganippe's rill.

A nobler inspiration fires my brain,
Caught from Old England's fine time-hallowed drink;
I snatch the pot again and yet again,
And as the foaming fluids shrink and shrink,
Fill me once more, I say, up to the brink!
This makes strong hearts—strong heads attest its charm—
This nerves the might that sleeps in Britain's brawny arm!

But these remarks are neither here nor there.
Where was I? Oh, I see—old Southey's dead!
They 'll want some bard to fill the vacant chair,
And drain the annual butt—and oh, what head
More fit with laurel to be garlanded
Than this, which, curled in many a fragrant coil,
Breathes of Castalia's streams, and best Macassar oil?

I know a grace is seated on my brow,
Like young Apollo's with his golden beams;
There should Apollo's bays be budding now:—
And in my flashing eyes the radiance beams,
That marks the poet in his waking dreams,
When, as his fancies cluster thicker and thicker,
He feels the trance divine of poesy and liquor.

They throng around me now, those things of air,
That from my fancy took their being's stamp:
There Pelham sits and twirls his glossy hair,
There Clifford leads his pals upon the tramp;
There pale Zanoni, bending o'er his lamp,
Roams through the starry wilderness of thought,
Where all is everything, and everything is nought.

Yes, I am he, who sung how Aram won
The gentle ear of pensive Madeline!
How love and murder hand in hand may run,
Cemented by philosophy serene,
And kisses bless the spot where gore has been!
Who breathed the melting sentiment of crime,
And for the assassin waked a sympathy sublime!

Yes, I am he, who on the novel shed
Obscure philosophy's enchanting light!
Until the public, wildered as they read,
Believed they saw that which was not in sight—
Of course 't was not for me to put them right;
For in my inmost heart convinced I am,
Philosophy 's as good as any other bam.

Novels three-volumed I shall write no more—
Somehow or other now they will not sell;
And to invent new passions is a bore—
I find the Magazines pay quite as well.
Translating's simple, too, as I can tell,
Who 've hawked at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonished bard a meaning all my own.

Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, their best days are grassed;
Battered and broken are their early lyres.
Rogers, a pleasant memory of the past,
Warmed his young hands at Smithfield's martyr fires,
And, worth a plum, nor bays nor butt desires.
But these are things would suit me to the letter,
For though this Stout is good, old Sherry's greatly better.

A fico for your small poetic ravers,
Your Hunts, your Tennysons, your Milnes, and these!
Shall they compete with him who wrote "Maltravers,"
Sequel to "Alice or the Mysteries?"
No! Even now my glance prophetic sees
My own high brow girt with the bays about.
What ho, within there, ho! another pint of Stout!

Montgomery.

A POEM.

Like one who, waking from a troublous dream,
Pursues with force his meditative theme;
Calm as the ocean in its halcyon still,
Calm as the sunlight sleeping on the hill;
Calm as at Ephesus great Paul was seen
To rend his robes in agonies serene;
Calm as the love that radiant Luther bore
To all that lived behind him, and before;
Calm as meek Calvin, when, with holy smile,
He sang the mass around Servetus' pile,—
So once again I snatch this harp of mine,
To breathe rich incense from a mystic shrine.
Not now to whisper to the ambient air
The sounds of Satan's Universal Prayer;
Not now to sing, in sweet domestic strife
That woman reigns the Angel of our life;
But to proclaim the wish with pious art,
Which thrills through Britain's universal heart,—
That on this brow, with native honours graced,
The Laureate's chaplet should at length be placed!

Fear not, ye maids, who love to hear me speak ;
Let no desponding tears bedim your cheek !
No gust of envy, no malicious scorn,
Hath this pure heart of mine with frenzy torn.
There are who move so far above the great,
Their very look disarms the glance of hate;
Their thoughts, more rich than emerald or gold,
Enwrap them like the prophet's mantle's fold.
Fear not for me, nor think that this our age,
Blind though it be, hath yet no Archimage.
I, who have bathed in bright Castalia's tide,
By classic Isis and more classic Clyde ;
I, who have handled, in my lofty strain,
All things divine, and many things profane ;
I, who have trod where seraphs fear to tread ;
I, who on mountain—honey dew have fed ;
I, who undaunted broke the mystic seal,
And left no page for prophets to reveal ;
I, who in shade portentous Dante threw ;
I, who have done what Milton dared not do,—
I fear no rival for the vacant throne ;
No mortal thunder shall eclipse my own !

Let dark Macaulay chant his Roman lays,
Let Monckton Milnes go maunder for the bays,
Let Simmons call on great Napoleon's shade,
Let Lytton Bulwer seek his Aram's aid,
Let Wordsworth ask for help from Peter Bell,
Let Campbell carol Copenhagen's knell,

Let Delta warble through his Delphic groves,
Let Elliott shout for pork and penny loaves,—
I care not, I! resolved to stand or fall;
One down, another on, I'll smash them all!

Back, ye profane! this hand alone hath power
To pluck the laurel from its sacred bower;
This brow alone is privileged to wear
The ancient wreath o'er hyacinthine hair;
These lips alone may quaff the sparkling wine,
And make its mortal juice once more divine.
Back, ye profane! And thou, fair queen, rejoice,
A nation's praise shall consecrate thy choice.
Thus, then, I kneel where Spenser knelt before,
On the same spot, perchance, of Windsor's floor;
And take, while awe-struck millions round me stand,
The hallowed wreath from great Victoria's hand.

The Death of Ishmael.

[This and the three following poems are examples of that new achievement of modern song—the blending the *utile* with the *dulce* —the puff poetical.]

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died.
On the pavement cold he lay,
Around him closed the living tide;
The butcher's cad set down his tray:
The pot-boy from the Dragon Green
No longer for his pewter calls;
The Nereid rushes in between,
Nor more her 'Fine live mackerel!' bawls."

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died.
They raised him gently from the stone,
They flung his coat and neckcloth wide—
But linen had that Hebrew none.
They raised the pile of hats that pressed
His noble head, his locks of snow;
But, ah, that head, upon his breast,
Sank down with an expiring 'Clo!'"

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died,
Struck with overwhelming qualms,
From the flavour spreading wide
Of some fine Virginia Hams.
Would you know the fatal spot,
Fatal to that child of sin?
These fine-flavoured hams are bought
At 50 BISHOPSGATE WITHIN!"



Jupiter and the Indian Ale.

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Paly grew his pimpled nose;
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus! I'll be bail—
For you never were in India—
That you know not HODGSON'S ALE!"

"Bring it!" quoth the cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the beer—
"Port and Claret are like water
To the noble stuff that's here!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of HODGSON rise!

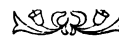


The Lay of the Doudney Brothers.

By W—— E—— A——, Esq.

Coats at five-and-forty shillings! trousers ten-and-six a-pair!
Summer waistcoats, three a sovereign, light and comfortable wear!
Taglionis, black or coloured, Chesterfield and velveteen!
The old English shooting-jacket, doeskins, such as ne'er were seen!
Army cloaks and riding habits, Alberts at a trifling cost!
Do you want an annual contract? Write to Doudneys' by the post.
Doudney Brothers! Doudney Brothers! Not the men that drive the van,
Plastered o'er with advertisements, heralding some paltry plan,
How, by base mechanic measure, and by pinching of their backs,
Slim attorneys' clerks may manage to retrieve their Income Tax;
But the old established business—where the best of clothes are given
At the very lowest prices—Fleet Street, Number Ninety-seven!
Would'st thou know the works of Doudney? Hie thee to the thronged Arcade,
To the Park upon a Sunday, to the terrible Parade.
There, amid the bayonets bristling, and the flashing of the steel,
When the Household troops in squadrons round the bold field-marshals wheel,

Should'st thou see an aged warrior in a plain blue morning frock,
Peering at the proud battalion o'er the margin of his stock,—
Should thy throbbing heart then tell thee, that the veteran worn and grey
Curbed the course of Bonaparte, rolled the thunders of Assaye—
Let it tell thee, stranger, likewise, that the goodly garb he wears,
Started into shape and being from the DOUDNEY BROTHERS' shears!
Seek thou next the rooms of Willis—mark, where D'Orsay's Count is bending,
See the trousers' undulation from his graceful hip descending;
Hath the earth another trouser so compact and love-compelling?
Thou canst find it, stranger, only, if thou seek'st the DOUDNEYS' dwelling!
Hark, from Windsor's royal palace, what sweet voice enchants the ear?
"Goodness, what a lovely waistcoat? Oh, who made it, Albert, dear?
'T is the very prettiest pattern! You must get a dozen others!"
And the Prince, in rapture, answers—"'T is the work of DOUDNEY BROTHERS!"



Paris and Helen.

As the youthful Paris presses
Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
Close and ever closer pressed.

He said; "So let me quaff the nectar,
Which thy lips of ruby yield;
Glory I can leave to Hector,
Gathered in the tented field.

"Let me ever gaze upon thee,
Look into thine eyes so deep;
With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I 'll keep.

"Oh my Helen, thou bright wonder,
Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blest like me.

"How mine eyes so fondly linger
On thy soft and pearly skin;
Scan each round and rosy finger,
Drinking draughts of beauty in!

"Tell me, whence thy beauty, fairest!
Whence thy cheek's enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

Thus he spoke, with heart that panted,
Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted,
While his Helen thus replied:

"Be no discord, love, between us,
If I not the secret tell!
'T was a gift I had of Venus,—
Venus, who hath loved me well.

"And she told me as she gave it,
'Let not e'er the charm be known,
O'er thy person freely lave it
Only when thou art alone.'

"'T is enclosed in yonder casket—
Here behold its golden key;
But its name—love, do not ask it,
Tell 't I may not, even to thee!"

Long with vow and kiss he plied her,
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped to sleep.

Soon was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris, rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow;

Then her heedless fingers oping,
Takes the key and steals away,
To the ebon table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay;

Eagerly the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
PEARS'S LIQUID BLOOM of ROSES,
Cakes of his TRANSPARENT SOAP!

Song of the Ennuyé.

I 'm weary, and sick, and disgusted
With Britain's mechanical din;
Where I 'm much too well known to be trusted,
And plaguily pestered for tin;
Where love has two eyes for your banker,
And one chilly glance for yourself;
Where a soul can afford to be franker,
But when it 's well garnished with pelf.

I 'm sick of the whole race of poets,
Emasculate, missy, and fine;
They brew their small-beer, and do n't know its
Distinction from full-bodied wine.
I 'm sick of the prosers, that house up
At drowsy St. Stephens, ain't you?
I want some strong spirits to rouse up
A good revolution or two!

I 'm sick of a land, where each morrow
Repeats the dull tale of to-day,
Where you can 't even find a new sorrow,
To chase your stale pleasures away.

I 'm sick of blue-stockings horrific,
Steam, railroads, gas, scrip, and consols;
So I 'll off where the golden Pacific
Round islands of paradise rolls.

There the passions shall revel unfettered,
And the heart never speak but in truth,
And the intellect, wholly unlettered,
Be bright with the freedom of youth.
There the earth can rejoice in her blossoms,
Unsullied by vapour or soot;
And there chimpanzees and opossums
Shall playfully pelt me with fruit.

There I 'll sit with my dark Orianas,
In groves by the murmuring sea,
And they 'll give, as I suck the bananas,
Their kisses, nor ask them from me.
They 'll never torment me for sonnets,
Nor bore me to death with their own;
They 'll ask not for shawls nor for bonnets,
For milliners there are unknown.

There my couch shall be earth's freshest flowers,
My curtains the night and the stars,
And my spirit shall gather new powers,
Uncramped by conventional bars.
Love for love, truth for truth ever giving,
My days shall be manfully sped;
I shall know that I 'm loved while I 'm living,
And be wept by fond eyes when I 'm dead!

To a Forget-Me-Not.

FOUND IN MY EMPORIUM OF LOVE TOKENS.

Sweet flower, that with thy soft blue eye
Didst once look up in shady spot,
To whisper to the passer-by
Those tender words—Forget-me-not!

Though withered now, thou art to me
The minister of gentle thought,—
And I could weep to gaze on thee,
Love's faded pledge—Forget-me-not!

Thou speak'st of hours when I was young,
And happiness arose unsought,
When, wandering the woods among,
She gave me thee—Forget-me-not!

That rapturous hour with that dear maid
From memory's page no time shall blot,
When, yielding to my kiss, she said,
"Oh, Theodore—Forget-me-not!"

Alas, for love! alas, for truth!
Alas, for man's uncertain lot!
Alas, for all the hopes of youth
That fade like thee—Forget-me-not!

Alas! for that one image fair,
With all thy brightest dreams inwrought!
That was about thee everywhere,
Still whispering—Forget-me-not!

Oh memory! thou art but a sigh
For friendships dead and loves forgot;
And many a cold and altered eye,
That once did say—Forget-me-not!

And I must bow me to thy laws,
For—odd although it may be thought—
I can't tell who the deuce it was
That gave me this Forget-me-not!



The Young Stockbroker's Bride.

"O swiftly speed the gallant bark!—
I say, you mind my luggage, porter!
I do not heed yon storm-cloud dark,
I go to wed old Jenkin's daughter.
I go to claim my own Mariar,
The fairest flower that blooms in Harwich;
My panting bosom is on fire,
And all is ready for the marriage."

Thus spoke young Mivins, as he stepped
On board the "Firefly," Harwich packet;
The bell rung out, the paddles swept
Plish-plashing round with noisy racket.
The low'ring clouds young Mivins saw,
But fear, he felt, was only folly;
And so he smoked a fresh cigar,
Then fell to whistling—"Nix, my dolly!"

The wind it roared; the packet's hulk
Rocked with a most unpleasant motion;
Young Mivins leant him o'er a bulk,
And poured his sorrows to the ocean.
Tints, blue and yellow—signs of woe—
Flushed, rainbow-like, his noble face in,
As suddenly he rushed below,
Crying, "Steward, steward, bring a basin!"

On sped the bark:—the howling storm
The funnel's tapering smoke did blow far;
Unmoved, young Mivins' lifeless form
Was stretched upon a haircloth sofar.
All night he moaned, the steamer groaned,
And he was hourly getting fainter;
When it came bump against the pier,
And there was fastened by the painter.

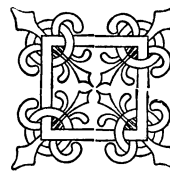
Young Mivins rose, and blew his nose,
Caught wildly at his small portmanteau;
He was unfit to lie or sit,
And found it difficult to stand too.
He sought the deck, he sought the shore,
He sought the lady's house like winking,
And asked, low tapping at the door,
"Is this the house of Mr. Jenkin?"

A short man came—he told his name—
Mivins was short—he cut him shorter,
For in a fury he exclaimed,
"Are you the man as vants my darter?
Vot kimed on you last night, young sqvire?"
"It was the steamer, rot and scuttle her!"
"Mayhap it vos, but our Mariar
Valked off last night with Bill the butler.

"And so you've kimed a post too late."
"It was the packet, sir, miscarried!"
"Vy, does you think a gal can vait,
As sets 'er 'art on being married?
Last night she vowed she'd be a bride,
And 'ave a spouse for vuss or better:
So Bill struck in; the knot vos tied,
And now I vishes you may get her!"

Young Mivins turned him from the spot,
Bewildered with the dreadful stroke, her
Perfidy came like a shot—
He was a thunderstruck stockbroker.
"A curse on steam and steamers too!
By their delays I have been undone!"
He cried, as, looking very blue,
He rode a bachelor to London.

American Ballads.





The Fight With the Snapping Turtle:

Or, the American St. George.

FYTTE FIRST.

Have you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest;
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West?

Every day the huge Cawana
Lifted up its monstrous jaws;
And it swallowed Langton Bennett,
And digested Rufus Dawes.

Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,
Their untimely deaths to hear;
For one author owed him money,
And the other loved him dear.

"Listen, now, sagacious Tyler,
Whom the loafers all obey;
What reward will Congress give me,
If I take this pest away?"

Then sagacious Tyler answered,
"You're the ring-tailed squealer! Less
Than a hundred heavy dollars
Won't be offered you, I guess!

"And a lot of wooden nutmegs
In the bargain, too, we'll throw—
Only you jest fix the critter—
Won't you liquor, ere you go?"

Straightway leaped the valiant Slingsby
Into armour of Seville,
With a strong Arkansas tooth-pick
Screwed in every joint of steel.

"Come thou with me, Cullen Bryant,
Come with me as squire, I pray;
Be the Homer of the battle,
That I go to wage to-day."

So they went along careering
With a loud and martial tramp,
Till they neared the Snapping Turtle
In the dreary Swindle Swamp.

But when Slingsby saw the water,
Somewhat pale, I ween, was he.
"If I come not back, dear Bryant,
Tell the tale to Melanie!

"Tell her that I died devoted,
Victim to a noble task!
Ha' n't you got a drop of brandy
In the bottom of your flask?"

As he spoke, an alligator
Swam across the sullen creek;
And the two Columbians started,
When they heard the monster shriek.

For a snout of huge dimensions
Rose above the waters high,
And took down the alligator,
As a trout takes down a fly.

"'Tarnal death! the Snapping Turtle!"
Thus the squire in terror cried;
But the noble Slingsby straightway
Drew the tooth-pick from his side.

"Fare thee well!" he cried, and dashing
Through the waters strongly swam:
Meanwhile, Cullen Bryant, watching,
Breathed a prayer and sucked a dram.

Sudden from the slimy bottom
Was the snout again upreared,
With a snap as loud as thunder,—
And the Slingsby disappeared.

Like a mighty steam-ship foundering,
Down the monstrous vision sank;
And the ripple, slowly rolling,
Plashed and played upon the bank.

Still and stiller grew the water,
Hushed the canes within the brake;
There was but a kind of coughing
At the bottom of the lake.

Bryant wept as loud and deeply
As a father for a son—
"He 's a finished 'coon, is Slingsby,
And the brandy 's nearly done!"

FYTTE SECOND.

In a trance of sickening anguish,
Cold, and stiff, and sore, and damp,
For two days did Bryant linger
By the dreary Swindle Swamp;

Always peering at the water,
Always waiting for the hour,
When those monstrous jaws should open
As he saw them ope before.

Still in vain;—the alligators
Scrambled through the marshy brake,
And the vampire leeches gaily
Sucked the garfish in the lake.

But the Snapping Turtle never
Rose for food, or rose for rest,
Since he lodged the steel deposit
In the bottom of his chest.

Only always from the bottom
Violent sounds of coughing rolled,
Just as if the huge Cawana
Had a most confounded cold.

On the bank lay Cullen Bryant,
As the second moon arose;
Gouging on the sloping green sward
Some imaginary foes.

When the swamp began to tremble,
And the canes to rustle fast,
As if some stupendous body
Through their roots was crushing past.

And the water boiled and bubbled,
And, in groups of twos and threes,
Several alligators bounded,
Smart as squirrels, up the trees.

Then a hideous head was lifted,
With such huge distended jaws,
That they might have held Goliath
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

Paws of elephantine thickness
Dragged its body from the bay,
And it glared at Cullen Bryant
In a most unpleasant way.

Then it writhed, as if in torture,
And it staggered to and fro;
And its very shell was shaken,
In the anguish of its throe:

And its cough grew loud and louder,
And its sob more husky thick;
For, indeed, it was apparent,
That the beast was very sick.

Till, at last, a violent vomit
Shook its carcass through and through;
And, as if from out a cannon,
All in armour Slingsby flew.

Bent and bloody was the bowie,
Which he held within his grasp;
And he seemed so much exhausted,
That he scarce had strength to gasp—

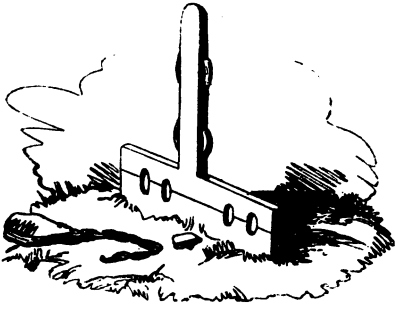
"Gouge him, Bryant! darn ye, gouge him!
Gouge him while he's on the shore!"
And his thumbs were straightway buried
Where no thumbs had pierced before.

Right from out their bony sockets,
Did he scoop the monstrous balls;
And, with one convulsive shudder,
Dead the Snapping Turtle falls!

* * * * *

"Post the tin, sagacious Tyler!"
But the old experienced file,
Leering first at Clay and Webster,
Answered, with a quiet smile—

"Since you dragged the 'tarnal crittur
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here's the hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian Bonds!"



"The only good American Securities."

The Lay of Mr. Colt.

[The story of Mr. Colt, of which our Lay contains merely the sequel, is this. A New York printer, of the name of Adams, had the effrontery to call upon him one day for payment of an account, which the independent Colt settled by cutting his creditor's head to fragments with an axe. He then packed his body in a box, sprinkling it with salt, and dispatched it to a packet, bound for New Orleans. Suspicions having been excited, he was seized, and tried before Judge Kent. The trial is, perhaps, the most disgraceful upon the records of any country The ruffian's mistress was produced in court, and examined in disgusting detail, as to her connection with Colt, and his movements during the days and nights succeeding the murder. The head of the murdered man was bandied to and fro in the court, handed up to the jury, and commented on by witnesses and counsel; and to crown the horrors of the whole proceeding, the wretch's own counsel, a Mr. Emmet, commencing the defence with a cool admission, that his client took the life of Adams, and following it up by a detail of the whole circumstances of this most brutal murder in the first person, as though he himself had been the murderer, ended by telling the jury, that his client was "*entitled to the sympathy* of a jury of his country," as "a young man just entering into life, *whose prospects probably, have been permanently blasted.*" Colt was found guilty; but a variety of exceptions were taken to the charge by the judge, and after a long series of appeals, which *occupied more than a year from the date of the conviction*, the sentence of death was ratified by Governor Seward. The rest of Colt's story is told in our ballad.]

STREAK THE FIRST.

* * * * * *

"And now the sacred rite was done, and the marriage-knot was tied,
And Colt withdrew his blushing wife a little way aside;
'Let's go,' he said, 'into my cell, let's go alone, my dear;
I fain would shelter that sweet face from the sheriff's odious leer.

The gaoler and the hangman, they are waiting both for me,—
I cannot bear to see them wink so knowingly at thee!
Oh, how I loved thee, dearest! They say that I am wild,
That a mother dares not trust me with the weasand of her child.
They say my bowie knife is keen to sliver into halves
The carcass of my enemy, as butchers slay their calves.
They say that I am stern of mood, because, like salted beef,
I packed my quartered foeman up, and marked him 'prime tariff;'
Because I thought to palm him on simple-souled John Bull,
And clear a small per centage on the sale at Liverpool;
It may be so, I do not know—these things, perhaps, may be;
But surely I have always been a gentleman to thee!
Then come, my love, into my cell, short bridal space is ours,—
Nay, sheriff, never look thy watch—I guess there 's good two hours.
We 'll shut the prison doors and keep the gaping world at bay,
For love is long as 'tarnity, though I must die to-day!"

STREAK THE SECOND.

"The clock is ticking onward
Towards the hour of doom,
And no one yet hath entered
Into that ghastly room.
The gaoler and the sheriff
They are walking to and fro;
And the hangman sits upon the steps,
And smokes his pipe below.

In grisly expectation
The prison all is bound,
And, save expectoration,
You cannot hear a sound.
The turnkey stands and ponders,
His hand upon the bolt,—
"In twenty minutes more, I guess,
'T will all be up with Colt!"
But see, the door is opened,
Forth comes the weeping bride;
The courteous sheriff lifts his hat,
And saunters to her side,—
"I beg your pardon, Mrs. C.,
But is your husband ready?"
"I guess you 'd better ask himself,"
Replied the woeful lady.

The clock is ticking onward,
The minutes almost run,
The hangman's pipe is nearly out,
'T is on the stroke of one.
At every grated window
Unshaven faces glare;
There 's Puke, the judge of Tennessee,
And Lynch, of Delaware;
And Batter, with the long black beard,
Whom Hartford's maids know well;
And Winkinson, from Fish Kill Reach,
The pride of New Rochelle.

Elkanah Nutts, from Tarry Town,
The gallant gouging boy;
And coonfaced Bushwhack, from the hills
That frown o'er modern Troy;
Young Wheezer, whom our Willis loves,
Because, 't is said, that he
One morning from a bookstall filched
The tale of "Melanie;"
And Skunk, who fought his country's fight
Beneath the stripes and stars,—
All thronging at the windows stood,
And gazed between the bars.
The little boys that stood behind
(Young thievish imps were they!)
Displayed considerable *nous*
On that eventful day;
For bits of broken looking-glass
They held aslant on high,
And there a mirrored gallows-tree
Met their delighted eye.*

The clock is ticking onward;
Hark! hark! it striketh one!
Each felon draws a whistling breath,
"Time's up with Colt; he's done!"

* A fact.

The sheriff looks his watch again,
Then puts it in his fob,
And turns him to the hangman,—
"Get ready for the job."
The gaoler knocketh loudly,
The turnkey draws the bolt,
And pleasantly the sheriff says,
"We're waiting, Mister Colt!"

No answer? No! no answer!
All's still as death within;
The sheriff eyes the gaoler,
The gaoler strokes his chin.
"I should n't wonder, Nahum, if
It were as you suppose."
The hangman looked unhappy, and
The turnkey blew his nose.

They entered. On his pallet
The noble convict lay,—
The bridegroom on his marriage-bed,
But not in trim array.
His red right hand a razor held,
Fresh sharpened from the hone,
And his ivory neck was severed,
And gashed into the bone.

* * * * *

And when the lamp is lighted
In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
At shucking of the maize;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
Go round from hand to hand;
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,
Are hissing in the pan,
And cyder, with a dash of gin,
Foams in the social can;
When the goodman whets his whistle,
And the goodwife scolds the child;
And the girls exclaim convulsively,
"Have done, or I'll be riled!"
When the loafer sitting next them
Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, "Oh! you 'possum,
You've fixed my heart, I guess!"
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale,
How Colt his foeman quartered,
And died within the gaol.

The Death of Jabez Bollar.

[Before the following poem, which originally appeared in "Frazer's Magazine," could have reached America, intelligence was received in this country of an affray in Congress, very nearly the counterpart of that which the Author has here imagined in jest. It was very clear, to any one who observed the state of public manners in America, that such occurrences *must* happen sooner or later. The Americans apparently felt the force of the satire, as the poem has been widely reprinted throughout the States. It has recently returned to this country, embodied in an American work on American manners, where it characteristically appears as the writer's own production; and it has since gone the round of British newspapers, as an amusing satire by an American, of his countrymen's foibles!]

The Congress met, the day was wet, Van Buren took the chair,
On either side, the statesman pride of far Kentuck was there.
With moody frown, there sat Calhoun, and slowly in his cheek
His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, as Webster rose to speak.

Upon that day, near gifted Clay, a youthful member sat,
And like a free American upon the floor he spat;
Then turning round to Clay he said, and wiped his manly chin,
"What kind of Locofoco 's that, as wears the painter's skin?"

"Young man," quoth Clay, "avoid the way of Slick of Tennessee.
Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest gouger he.
He chews and spits, as there he sits, and whittles at the chairs,
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife he bears.

"Avoid that knife! In frequent strife its blade, so long and thin,
Has found itself a resting-place his rival's ribs within."
But coward fear came never near young Jabez Dollar's heart,
"Were he an alligator, I would rile him pretty smart!"

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked toward the chair,
He saw the stately stripes and stars—our country's flag was there!
His heart beat high, with savage cry upon the floor he sprang,
Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his first harangue.

"Who sold the nutmegs made of wood—the clocks that would n't figure—
Who grinned the bark off gum trees dark,—the everlasting nigger?
For twenty cents, ye Congress gents, through 'tarnity I'll kick
That man, I guess, though nothing less than 'coon-faced Colonel Slick!"

The Colonel smiled—with frenzy wild,—his very beard waxed blue,—
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathy riled he grew;
He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon his seat below—
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his toe,—

"Oh! waken, snakes, and walk your chalks!" he cried, with ire elate;
"Darn my old mother, but I will in wild cats whip my weight!
Oh! 'tarnal death I'll spoil your breath, young Dollar and your chaffing,—
Look to your ribs, for here is that will tickle them without laughing!"

His knife he raised—with fury crazed, he sprang across the hall—
He cut a caper in the air—he stood before them all:
He never stopped to look or think if he the deed should do,
But spinning sent the President, and on young Dollar flew.

They met—they closed—they sunk—they rose—in vain young Dollar strove—
For, like a streak of lightning greased, the infuriate colonel drove
His bowie-blade deep in his side, and to the ground they rolled,
And, drenched in gore, wheeled o'er and o'er, locked in each other's hold.

With fury dumb— with nail and thumb— they struggled and they thrust,—
The red blood ran from Dollar's side, like rain upon the dust;
He nerved his might for one last spring, and as he sunk and died,
Reft of an eye, his enemy fell groaning at his side.

Thus did he fall within the hall of Congress, that brave youth;
The bowie-knife hath quenched his life of valour and of truth;
And still among the statesmen throng at Washington they tell,
How nobly Dollar gouged his man—how gallantly he fell!



The Alabama Duel.

"Young chaps, give ear, — the case is clear. You, Silas Fixings, you,
Pay Mister Nehemiah Dodge them dollars as you 're due.
You are a bloody cheat,—you are. But, spite of all your tricks, it
Is not in you, Judge Lynch to do. No! nohow you can fix it!"

Thus spake Judge Lynch, as there he sat in Alabama's forum,
Around he gazed, with legs upraised upon the bench before him;
And, as he gave this sentence stern to him who stood beneath,
Still with his gleaming bowie-knife he slowly picked his teeth.

It was high noon, the month was June, and sultry was the air,
A cool gin-sling stood by his hand, his coat hung o'er his chair;
All naked were his manly arms, and, shaded by his hat,
Like an old senator of Rome that simple Archon sat.

"A bloody cheat?—Oh, legs and feet!" in wrath young Silas cried;
And, springing high into the air, he jerked his quid aside.—
"No man shall put my dander up, or with my feelings trifle,
As long as Silas Fixings wears a bowie-knife and rifle."

"If your shoes pinch," replied Judge Lynch, "you 'll very soon have ease,
I 'll give you satisfaction, squire, in any way you please;
What are your weapons?—knife or gun?—at both I 'm pretty spry!"—
"Oh! 'tarnal death, you 're spry, you are?" quoth Silas; "so am I!"

Hard by the town a forest stands, dark with the shades of time,
And they have sought that forest dark at morning's early prime;
Lynch, backed by Nehemiah Dodge, and Silas with a friend,
And half the town in glee came down to see that contest's end.

They led their men two miles apart, they measured out the ground,
A belt of that vast wood it was, they notched the trees around;
Into the tangled brake they turned them off, and neither knew
Where he should seek his wagered foe, how get him into view.



With stealthy tread, and stooping head,
from tree to tree they passed,
They crept beneath the crackling furze, they held
their rifles fast:
Hour passed on hour, the noon-day sun smote
fiercely down, but yet
No sound to the expectant crowd proclaimed that
they had met.

And now the sun was going down, when, hark! a
rifle's crack!
Hush—hush! another strikes the air, and all their
breath drew back,—
Then, crashing on through bush and briar, the
crowd from either side,
Rushed in to see whose rifle sure with blood the
sod had dyed.

Weary with watching up and down, brave Lynch conceived
a plan,
An artful dodge, whereby to take at unawares his man;
He hung his hat upon a bush, and hid himself hard by,
Young Silas thought he had him fast, and at the hat let fly.

It fell; up sprung young Silas, he flung his gun away;
Lynch fixed him with his rifle from the ambush where he lay—
The bullet pierced his manly breast—yet, valiant to the last,
He drew his fatal bowie-knife, and up his foxtail* cast.

With tottering steps and glazing eye he cleared the space
between,
And stabbed the air as, in Macbeth, still stabs the younger
Kean:
Brave Lynch received him with a bang, that stretched him on
the ground,
Then sat himself serenely down till all the crowd drew round.

They hailed him with triumphant cheers—in him each loafer
saw
The bearing bold that could uphold the majesty of law;
And, raising him aloft, they bore him homewards at his
ease,—
That noble judge, whose daring hand enforced his own
decrees.

* The Yankee substitute for the *chapeau de soie.*

They buried Silas Fixings in the hollow where he fell,
And gum-trees wave above his grave—that tree he loved so well;
And the 'coons sit chattering o'er him when the nights are long and damp,
But he sleeps well in that lonely dell, the Dreary 'Possum Swamp.



The American's Apostrophe to Boz.

[Rapidly as oblivion does its work now-a-days, the burst of amiable indignation with which enlightened America received the issue of Boz's "Notes," can scarcely yet be forgotten. Not content with waging a universal rivalry in the piracy of the work, Columbia showered upon its author the riches of its own choice vocabulary of abuse; while some of her more fiery spirits threw out playful hints as to the propriety of gouging the "strannger," and furnishing him with a lasting suit of tar and feathers, in the event of his paying them a second visit. The perusal of these delightful expressions of free opinion suggested the following lines, which those who remember Boz's book, and the festivities with which he was all but hunted to death, will at once understand. We hope we have done justice to the bitterness and "immortal hate" of these thin-skinned sons of freedom.]

Sneak across the wide Atlantic, worthless London's puling child,
Better that its waves should bear thee than the land thou hast reviled;
Better in the stifling cabin, on the sofa should'st thou lie,
Sickening as the fetid niggar bears the greens and bacon by.

Better, when the midnight horrors haunt the strained and creaking ship,
Thou should'st yell in vain for brandy with a fever-sodden lip;
When, amid the deepening darkness and the lamp's expiring shade,
From the bagman's berth above thee comes the bountiful cascade.
Better than upon the Broadway thou should'st be at noon-day seen,
Smirking like a Tracy Tupman with a Mantalini mien,
With a rivulet of satin falling o'er thy puny chest,
Worse than even N. P. Willis for an evening party dressed.

We received thee warmly—kindly—though we knew thou wert a quiz,
Partly for thyself it may be, chiefly for the sake of Phiz!
Much we bore and much we suffered, listening to remorseless spells
Of that Smike's unceasing drivellings, and these everlasting Nells.
When you talked of babes and sunshine, fields, and all that sort of thing,
Each Columbian inly chuckled as he slowly sucked his sling;

And, though all our sleeves were bursting, from the many hundreds near
Not one single scornful titter rose on thy complacent ear.
Then to show thee to the ladies, with our usual want of sense
We engaged the place in Park Street at a ruinous expense;
Ev'n our own three-volumed Cooper waived his old prescriptive right,
And deluded Dickens figured first on that eventful night.
Clusters of uncoated Yorkers, vainly striving to be cool,
Saw thee desperately plunging through the perils of La Poule:
And their muttered exclamation drowned the tenor of the tune,—
"Don't he beat all natur hollow? Don't he foot it like a a 'coon?"

Did we spare our brandy-cocktails, stint thee of our whisky-grogs?
Half the juleps that we gave thee would have floored a Newman Noggs;
And thou took'st them in so kindly, little was there then to blame,
To thy parched and panting palate, sweet as mother's milk they came.

Did the hams of old Virginny find no favour in thine eyes?
Came no soft compunction o'er thee at the thought of pumpkin pies?
Could not all our care and coddling teach thee how to draw it mild?
But, no matter, we deserve it—serves us right! We spoilt the child!

You, forsooth, must come crusading, boring us with broadest hints
Of your own peculiar losses by American reprints.
Such an impudent remonstrance never in our face was flung;
Lever stands it, so does Ainsworth; *you*, I guess, may hold your tongue.
Down our throats you'd cram your projects, thick and hard as pickled salmon,
That I s'pose you call free-trading, I pronounce it utter gammon.
No, my lad, a cuter vision than your own might soon have seen
That a true Columbian ogle carries little that is green.
Quite enough we pay, I reckon, when we stump a cent or two
For the voyages and travels of a freshman such as you.

I have been at Niagara, I have stood beneath the Falls,
I have marked the water twisting over its rampagious walls;
But "a holy calm sensation," one, in fact, of "perfect peace,"
Was as much my first idea as the thought of Christmas geese.
As for "old familiar faces," looking through the misty air,
Surely you were strongly liquored when you saw your Chucksters there.
One familiar face, however, you will very likely see,
If you'll only treat the natives to a call in Tennessee,
Of a certain individual, true Columbian every inch,
In a high judicial station, called by 'mancipators Lynch.
Half-an-hour of conversation with his worship in a wood
Would, I strongly notion, do you an infernal deal of good.
Then you'd understand more clearly than you ever did before
Why an independent patriot freely spits upon the floor,
Why he gouges when he pleases, why he whittles at the chairs,
Why for swift and deadly combat still the bowie-knife he bears:—

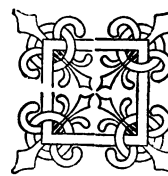
Why he sneers at the Old Country with republican disdain,
And unheedful of the negro's cry still tighter draws his chain.
All these things the judge shall teach thee of the land thou hast reviled;
Get thee o'er the wide Atlantic, worthless London's puling child!





Spanish Ballads.







The Broken Pitcher.

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight from the town of Oviedo—
Alphonzo Guzman was he hight, the Count of Desparedo.

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! why sitt'st thou by the spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me, with eyes so large and wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy side?"

"I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon swell.

"My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is,—
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss;
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was broke.

"My uncle, the Alcaydè, he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come.
I cannot bring him water—the pitcher is in pieces—
And so I 'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his nieces."

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! wilt thou be ruled by me?
So wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me kisses three;
And I 'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous lady,
To carry home the water to thy uncle, the Alcaydè."

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a tree—
He bowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
"To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a sin!"
He knelt him at the fountain, and dipped his helmet in.

Uprose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,
And caught Alphonzo Guzman up tightly by the heels;
She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling water,—
"Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter!"

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Desparedo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.





Don Fernando Gomersalez.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ASTLEY'S.

Don Fernando Gomersalez! basely have they
borne thee down;
Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious
body thrown;
Fetters have they bound upon thee—iron fetters
fast and sure;
Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to
the Moor!

Long within a stable dungeon pined that brave and noble
knight,
For the Saracenic warriors well they knew and feared his
might;
Long he lay and long he languished on his dripping bed of
stone,
Till the cankered iron fetters ate their way into his bone.

On the twentieth day of August—'t was the feast of false
Mahound—
Came the Moorish population from the neighbouring cities
round;
There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance, and there to
sing,
And to pay their yearly homage to Al-Widdicomb the
King!

First they wheeled their supple coursers, wheeled them at
their utmost speed,
Then they galloped by in squadrons, tossing of the light
jereed;
Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow
flies,
Did they spurn the yellow saw-dust in the rapt spectators'
eyes.



Proudly did the Moorish monarch every passing warrior greet,
As he sate enthroned above them, with the lamps beneath his feet;
"Tell me, thou black-bearded Cadi! are there any in the land,
That against my janissaries dare one hour in combat stand?"

Then the bearded Cadi answered—"Be not wroth, my lord, the King,
If thy faithful slave shall venture to observe one little thing;
Valiant, doubtless, are thy warriors, and their beards are long and hairy,
And a thunderbolt in battle is each bristly janissary.

"But I cannot, O my sovereign, quite forget that fearful day,
When I saw the Christian army in its terrible array;
When they charged across the footlights, like a torrent down its bed,
With the red cross floating o'er them, and Fernando at their head!

"Don Fernando Gomersalez! matchless chieftain he in war,
Mightier than Don Sticknejo, braver than the Cid Bivar!
Not a cheek within Grenada, O my King, but wan and pale is,
When they hear the dreaded name of Don Fernando Gomersalez!"

"Thou shalt see thy champion, Cadi! hither quick the captive bring!"
Thus in wrath and deadly anger spoke Al-Widdicomb the King:
"Paler than a maiden's forehead is the Christian's hue, I ween,
Since a year within the dungeons of Grenada he hath been!"

Then they brought the Gomersalez, and they led the warrior in,
Weak and wasted seemed his body, and his face was pale and thin;
But the ancient fire was burning, unallayed, within his eye,
And his step was proud and stately, and his look was stern and high.

Scarcely from tumultuous cheering could the galleried crowd refrain,
For they knew Don Gomersalez and his prowess in the plain;
But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons in steel,
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

"Wherefore, monarch, hast thou brought me from the dungeon dark and drear,
Where these limbs of mine have wasted in confinement for a year?
Dost thou lead me forth to torture?—Rack and pincers I defy,—
Is it that thy base grotesquos may behold a hero die?"

"Hold thy peace, thou Christian caitiff! and attend to what I say:
Thou art called the starkest rider of the Spanish curs' array,—
If thy courage be undaunted, as they say it was of yore,
Thou mayst yet achieve thy freedom,—yet regain thy native shore.

"Courses three within this circus 'gainst my warriors shalt thou run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon muslin sun;
Victor,—thou shalt have thy freedom; but if stretched upon the plain,
To thy dark and dreary dungeon they shall bear thee back again."

"Give me but the armour, monarch, that I wore within the field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my dinted shield;
And my old steed, Bavieca, swiftest courser in the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I 'll do the business, King!"

Then they carried down the armour from the garret where it lay,
O! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn away;
And they led out Bavieca, from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dogs'-meat man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinnied loud and free,
And, in token of subjection, knelt upon each broken knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids rose,
As he fondly picked a beanstraw from his coughing courser's nose.

"Many a time, O Bavieca, hast thou borne me through the fray!
Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come to pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to grass!"

Then he seized his lance, and vaulting in the saddle, sate upright,
Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the mailéd knight;
And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish lady—
"Five to four on Don Fernando!" cried the sable-bearded Cadi.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the listed space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the proud Alhambra race:
Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the foremost straight went down,
Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the jeering Clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed him to the King,
And his saddle-girths were tightened by the Master of the Ring;
Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the desperate fight began—
Don Fernando! bear thee bravely!—'t is the Moor Abdorrhoman!

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the sulphurous sky,
Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the saw-dust fly;
And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fernando's mail,
That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavieca's tail.

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped it hard and fast,
And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman bounded past;
And the deadly stroke descended through the skull and through the brain,
As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut in twain.

Sore astonied was the monarch, and the Moorish warriors all,
Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his brethren fall;
And the Clown in haste arising from the footstool where he sat,
Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat!

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwart Moor,
Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the trembling floor;
Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their necks the rein he throws,
And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armour: in a knot himself he ties,
With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his thighs;



Till the petrified spectator asks in undisguised alarm,—
Where may be the warrior's body,—which is leg, and which is arm?

"Sound the charge!" the coursers started; with a yell and furious vault,
High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous somersault;
O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crupper hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its jewelled sheath,
And he struck the Moor so fiercely, as he grappled him beneath,
That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds of fat,
And, as dead as Julius Cæsar, dropped the Gordian Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking,—it had sunk beneath the sea,
Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three;
And Al-Widdicomb the monarch, pointed, with a bitter smile,
To the deeply-darkening canvas—blacker grew it all the while.

"Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast not
kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the curfew chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou mayst be wondrous
glad,
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to-day, my lad!

"Therefore all thy boasted valour, Christian dog, of no
avail is!"
Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando Gomer-
salez;—
Stiffly sate he in his saddle, grimly looked around the ring,
Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at the
King.

"O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou play me
false again?
Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the captive's
chain;
But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply to thine
eye—
Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not die!"

Thus he spoke, and Bavieca like an arrow forward flew,
Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the hero
through;
Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely sped the
fatal thrust—
From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless in the
dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavieca! speed thee faster than the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind!
Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the bridge that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of canvas trees.
Close before thee Pampeluna spreads her painted pasteboard gate!
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy knightly freight—
Victory! the town receives them!—Gentle ladies, this the tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomersalez!



The Courtship of our Cid.

What a pang of sweet emotion
Thrilled the Master of the Ring,
When he first beheld the lady,
Through the stabled portal spring!
Midway in his wild grimacing
Stopped the piebald-visaged Clown;
And the thunders of the audience
Nearly brought the gallery down.

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
Saw ye ever such a maid,
With the feathers swaling o'er her,
And her spangled rich brocade?
In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a buskin small;
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Through the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare;
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian,
Such a gentle freight to bear:
And the Master moved towards her,
With a proud and stately walk;
And, in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chalk.

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year;
And the youth of London sighing,
Half forgot the ginger beer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them;
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue!

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the left foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels;
While amid her floating tresses,
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
See, the gates are opened wide!
Room, there, room for Gomersalez,—
Gomersalez in his pride!
Rose the shout of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded, man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
Why those blushes on thy cheek?
Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
He hath come thy love to seek?
Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
He is rushing, like a gale;
One foot on his coal black's shoulders,
And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maiden!
He is faint and fails—for now,
By the feet he hangs suspended
From his glistening saddle-bow.
Down are gone both cap and feather,
Lance and gonfalon are down!
Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
He has flung them to the Clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
Fresh as when he first began;
All in coat of bright vermillion,
'Quipped as Shaw the Life-guardsman!
Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
Like a sturdy flail, he throws;
Cutting out a path unto thee,
Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
He is hard upon thy track,—
Paralysed is Widdicombez,
Nor his whip can longer crack;—
He has flung away his broadsword,
'T is to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward!—see, he bares his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest;

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London's dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimbly now he cuts and shuffles,
O'er the buckle, heel and toe!
And, with hands deep in his pockets,
Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl!
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgets;
Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets!

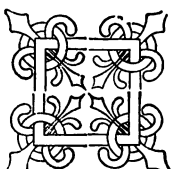
Onward, onward rush the coursers;
Bright is Gomersalez' eye;
Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulders flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls;
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public sees with rapture,
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes!
Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hushed, save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valour and her charms!

Miscellaneous Ballads.





The Midnight Visit!

It was the Lord of Castlereagh, he sat within his room,
His arms were crossed upon his breast, his face was marked with gloom;
They said that St. Helena's Isle had rendered up its charge,
That France was bristling up in arms,—the Emperor at large.

'T was midnight! all the lamps were dim, and dull as death the street,
It might be that the watchman slept that night upon his beat;
When, lo! a heavy foot was heard to creak upon the stair,
The door revolved upon its hinge,—Great Heaven!—What enters there?

A little man, of stately mien, with slow and solemn stride;
His hands are crossed upon his back, his coat is opened wide:
And on his vest of green he wears an eagle and a star,—
Saint George! protect us! 't is THE MAN—the thunderbolt of war!

Is that the famous hat that waved along Marengo's ridge?
Are these the spurs of Austerlitz — the boots of Lodi's bridge?
Leads he the conscript swarm again from France's hornet hive?
What seeks the fell usurper here, in Britain, and alive?

Pale grew the Lord of Castlereagh, his tongue was parched and dry,
As in his brain he felt the glare of that tremendous eye;
What wonder if he shrunk in fear, for who could meet the glance
Of him who reared, 'mid Russian snows, the gonfalon of France?

From the side-pocket of his vest, a pinch the despot took,
Yet not a whit did he relax the sternness of his look,—
"Thou thought'st the lion was afar, but he hath burst the chain—
The watch-word for to-night is France — the answer St. Helène.

"And didst thou deem the barren isles, or ocean's waves could bind
The master of the universe—the monarch of mankind?
I tell thee, fool! the world itself is all too small for me,
I laugh to scorn thy bolts and bars—I burst them, and am free.

"Thou think'st that England hates me! Mark!—This very night my name
Was thundered in its capital with tumult and acclaim!
They saw me, knew me, owned my power—Proud lord! I say, beware!
There's men within the Surrey side, who know to do and dare!

"To-morrow in thy very teeth my standard will I rear—
Ay, well that ashen cheek of thine may blanch and pale with fear!
To-morrow night another town shall sink in ghastly flames;
And as I crossed the Borodin, so shall I cross the Thames!

"Thou 'lt seize me, wilt thou, ere the dawn? Weak lordling, do thy worst!
These hands ere now have broke thy chains, thy fetters they have burst.
Yet, wouldst thou know my resting-place? Behold, 't is written there!
And let thy coward myrmidons approach me if they dare!"

Another pinch, another stride—he passes through the door—
"Was it a phantom or a man was standing on the floor?
And could that be the Emperor that moved before my eyes?
Ah, yes! too sure it was himself, for here the paper lies!"

With trembling hands, Lord Castlereagh undid the mystic scroll,
With glassy eye essayed to read, for fear was on his soul—
"What's here?—'At Astley's, every night, the play of
Moscow's Fall!
Napoleon, for the thousandth time, by Mr. Gomersal!"



The Mishap.

"Why art thou weeping, sister:
Why is thy cheek so pale?
Look up, dear Jane, and tell me
What is it thou dost ail?

"I know thy will is froward,
Thy feelings warm and keen,
And that Augustus Howard
For weeks has not been seen.

"I know how much you loved him;
But I know thou dost not weep
For him;—for though his passion was,
His purse is noways deep.

"Then tell me why thou weepest;
What means this woeful mood?
Say, has the tax-collector
Been calling, and been rude?

"Or has that hateful grocer,
The slave! been here to-day?
Of course he had, by morrow's noon,
A heavy bill to pay!

"Come, on thy brother's bosom
Unburden all thy woes;
Look up, look up, sweet sister;
There, dearest,—blow your nose."

"Oh, John, 't is not the grocer,
Nor his acccount; although
How ever he is to be paid,
I really do not know.

"'T is not the tax-collector;
Though, by his fell command,
They 've poinded our paternal clock,
And new umbrella-stand.

"Nor *that* Augustus Howard,
Whom I despise almost,—
But the soot 's come down the chimney, John,
And fairly spoiled the roast!"

The Lay of the Levite.

There is a sound that's dear to me,
 It haunts me in my sleep;
I wake, and, if I hear it not,
 I cannot choose but weep.
Above the roaring of the wind,
 Above the river's flow,
Methinks I hear the mystic cry
 Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among
 The dwellings of the free,
Its sound is strange to English ears,
 But 't is not strange to me;
For it hath shook the tented field
 In ages long ago,
And hosts have quailed before the cry
 Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Oh lose it not! forsake it not!
 And let no time efface
The memory of that solemn sound,
 The watchword of our race.
For not by dark and eagle eye,
 The Hebrew shall you know,
So well as by the plaintive cry
 Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,
On Sidon's sunny walls,
Where, dial-like, to portion time,
The palm-tree's shadow falls,
The pilgrims, wending on their way,
Will linger, as they go,
And listen to the distant cry
Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Bursch Groggenburg.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SCHILLER.

"Bursch! if foaming beer content ye,
Come and drink your fill;
In our cellars there is plenty,
Himmel! how you swill!
That the liquor hath allurance,
Well I understand;
But 't is really past endurance
When you squeeze my hand!"

And he heard her as if dreaming,
Heard her half in awe;
And the meerschaum's smoke came streaming
From his open jaw:
For his pulse beat somewhat quicker
Than it did before,
And he finished off his liquor,
Staggered through the door.

Bolted off direct to Munich,
And within the year
Underneath his German tunic
Stowed whole butts of beer.
And he drank like fifty fishes,
Drank till all was blue;
For he felt extremely vicious—
Somewhat thirsty too.

But at length this dire deboshing
Drew towards an end;
Few of all his silber-groschen
Had he left to spend.
And he knew it was not prudent
Longer to remain,
So with weary feet the student
Wended home again..

At the tavern's well-known portal,
Knocks he as before,
And a waiter rather mortal,
Hiccups through the door,—
"Master's sleeping in the kitchen;
You'll alarm the house;
Yesterday the Jungfrau Fritchen
Married baker Kraus!"

Like a fiery comet bristling,
Rose the young man's hair,
And, poor soul! he fell a-whistling,
Out of sheer despair.
Down the gloomy street in silence
Savage-calm he goes;
But he did no deed of vi'lence—
Only blew his nose.

Then he hired an airy garret,
Near her dwelling-place;
Grew a beard of fiercest carrot,
Never washed his face;
Sate all day beside the casement,
Sate a dreary man;
Found in smoking such an easement
As the wretched can;

Stared for hours and hours together,
Stared yet more and more;
Till in fine and sunny weather,
At the baker's door,
Stood in apron white and mealy,
That belovéd dame,
Counting out the loaves so freely,
Selling of the same.

Then like a volcano puffing,
Smoked he out his pipe;
For his supper took he "nuffin,"
Only kraut and tripe;
Went to bed, and in the morning,
Waited as before,
Still his eyes in anguish turning
To the baker's door;

Till, with apron white and mealy,
Came the lovely dame,
Counting out the loaves so freely,
Selling of the same.
So one day—the fact's amazing!—
On his post he died;
And they found the body gazing
At the baker's bride.

Night and Morning.

NOT BY SIR E. BULWER LITTON.

" Thy coffee, Tom, is untasted,
And thy egg is very cold;
Thy cheeks are wan and wasted,
Not rosy as of old.
My boy, what has come o'er ye,
You surely are not well!
Try some of that ham before ye,
And then, Tom, ring the bell!"

" I cannot eat, my mother,
My tongue is parched and bound,
And my head, somehow or other,
Is swimming round and round.
In my eyes there is a fulness,
And my pulse is beating quick;
On my brain is a weight of dulness;
Oh, mother, I am sick!"

" These long, long nights of watching
Are killing you outright;
The evening dews are catching,
And you 're out every night.
Why does that horrid grumbler,
Old Inkpen, work you so?"

TOM (*lene susurrans*)

" My head! Oh, that tenth tumbler!
'T was that which wrought my woe!"

The Invocation.

"Brother, thou art very weary,
And thine eye is sunk and dim,
And thy neckcloth's tie is crumpled,
And thy collar out of trim;
There is dust upon thy visage,—
Think not, Charles, I would hurt ye,
When I say that, altogether,
You appear extremely dirty.

"Frown not, brother, now, but hie thee
To thy chamber's distant room;
Drown the odours of the ledger
With the lavender's perfume.
Brush the mud from off thy trousers,
O'er the china basin kneel,
Lave thy brows in water softened
With the soap of Old Castile.

"Smoothe the locks that o'er thy forehead
Now in loose disorder stray;
Pare thy nails, and from thy whiskers
Cut those ragged points away.
Let no more thy calculations
Thy bewildered brain beset;
Life has other joys than Cocker's,
Other joys than tare and tret.

" Haste thee, for I ordered dinner,
Waiting to the very last,
Twenty minutes after seven,
And 't is now the quarter past.
'T is a dinner which Lucullus
Would have wept with joy to see,
Which might wake the soul of Curtis
From Death's drowsy atrophy.

" There is soup of real turtle,
Turbot, and the dainty sole;
And the mottled roe of lobsters
Blushes through the butter bowl.
There is lordly haunch of mutton,
Tender as the mountain grass,
Waits to mix its ruddy juices
With the girdling caper-sauce.

" There a stag, whose branching forehead
Spoke him monarch of the herds,
He whose flight was, o'er the heather,
Swift as through the air the bird's,
Yields for thee a dish of cutlets;
And the haunch that wont to dash
Across the roaring mountain torrent,
Smokes in most delicious hash.

"There, besides, are amber jellies
Floating like a golden dream;
Ginger from the far Bermudas,
Dishes of Italian cream:
And a princely apple-dumpling,
Which my own fair fingers wrought,
Shall unfold its nectared treasures
To thy lips, all smoking hot.

"Ha! I see thy brow is clearing,
Lustre flashes from thine eyes;
To thy lips I see the moisture
Of anticipation rise.
Hark! the dinner bell is sounding!"
"Only wait one moment, Jane:
I'll be dressed, and down, before you
Can get up the iced champagne!"



The Husband's Petition.

Come hither, my heart's darling,
Come, sit upon my knee,
And listen, while I whisper
A boon I ask of thee.
You need not pull my whiskers
So amorously, my dove;
'T is something quite apart from
The gentle cares of love.

I feel a bitter craving—
A dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom
Like coals of kindled fire.
The passion of the nightingale,
When singing to the rose,
Is feebler than the agony
That murders my repose!

Nay, dearest! do not doubt me,
Though madly thus I speak—
I feel thy arms about me,
Thy tresses on my cheek:
I know the sweet devotion
That links thy heart with mine,—
I know my soul's emotion
Is doubly felt by thine.

And deem not that a shadow
Hath fallen across my love:
No, sweet, my love is shadowless,
As yonder heaven above.
These little taper fingers—
Ah, Jane! how white they be!
Can well supply the cruel want
That almost maddens me.

Thou wilt not sure deny me
My first and fond request;
I pray thee, by the memory
Of all we cherish best—
By all the deep remembrance
Of those delicious days,
When, hand in hand, we wandered
Along the summer braes;

By all we felt, unspoken,
When, 'neath the early moon,
We sate beside the rivulet,
In the leafy month of June;
And by the broken whisper
That fell upon my ear,
More sweet than angel-music,
When first I wooed thee, dear!

By that great vow that bound thee
For ever to my side,
And by the ring that made thee
My darling and my bride!
Thou will not fail nor falter,
But bend thee to the task—
A BOILED SHEEP'S-HEAD ON SUNDAY
Is all the boon I ask!



The Cadi's Daughter.

A LEGEND OF THE BOSPHORUS.

How beauteous is the star of night
Within the eastern skies,
Like the twinkling glance of the Toorkman's lance,
Or the antelope's azure eyes!
A lamp of love in the heaven above,
That star is fondly streaming;
And the gay kiosk and the shadowy mosque
In the Golden Horn are gleaming.

Young Leila sits in her jasmine bower,
And hears the bulbul sing,
As it thrills its throat to the first full note,
That anthems the flowery spring.
She gazes still, as a maiden will,
On that beauteous eastern star:
You may see the throb of her bosom's sob
Beneath the white cymar!

She thinks of him, who is far away,—
Her own brave Galiongee,—
Where the billows foam and the breezes roam,
On the wild Carpathian sea.

She thinks of the oath, that bound them both
Beside the stormy water;
And the words of love, that in Athens' grove
He spake to the Cadi's daughter.

"My Selim!" thus the maiden said—
"Though severed thus we be,
By the raging deep and the mountain's steep,
My soul still yearns to thee.
Thy form so dear is mirrored here
In my heart's pellucid well,
As the rose looks up to Phingari's orb,
Or the moth to the gay gazelle!

"I think of the time, when the Kaftan's crime
Our love's young joys o'ertook,
And thy name still floats in the plaintive notes
Of my silver-toned chiboucque.
Thy hand is red with the blood it has shed,
Thy soul, it is heavy laden,
Yet come, my Giaour, to thy Leila's bower,
Oh, come to thy Turkish maiden!"

A light step trod on the dewy sod,
And a voice was in her ear,
And an arm embraced young Leila's waist—
"Belovéd! I am here!"
Like the phantom form that rules the storm,
Appeared the pirate lover,
And his fiery eye was like Zatanai,
As he fondly bent above her.

"Speak, Leila, speak! for my light caïque
Rides proudly in yonder bay,
I have come from my rest to her I love best,
To carry thee, love, away.
The breast of thy lover shall shield thee and cover
My own jemscheed from harm;
Think'st thou I fear the dark vizier,
Or the mufti's vengeful arm?

"Then droop not, love; nor turn away
From this rude hand of mine!"
And Leila looked in her lover's eyes,
And murmured—"I am thine!"
But a gloomy man with a yataghan
Stole through the acacia blossoms,
And the thrust he made with his gleaming blade
Hath pierced through both their bosoms.

"There, there! thou cursed caitiff Giaour!
There, there, thou false one, lie!"
Remorseless Hassan stands above,
And smiles to see them die.
They sleep beneath the fresh green turf,
The lover and the lady—
And maidens wail to hear the tale
Of the daughter of the Cadi!

Eastern Serenade.

The minarets wave on the plains of Stamboul,
And the breeze of the evening blows freshly and cool;
The voice of the musnud is heard from the west,
And kaftan and kalpac have gone to their rest.
The notes of the kislar re-echo no more,
And the waves of Al Sirat fall light on the shore.

Where art thou, my beauty: where art thou, my bride?
Oh, come and repose by thy dragoman's side!
I wait for thee still by the flowery tophaik—
I have broken my Eblis for Zuleima's sake.
But the heart that adores thee, is faithful and true,
Though it beats 'neath the folds of a Greek Allah-hu!

Oh wake thee, my dearest! the muftis are still,
And the tshocadars sleep on the Franguestan hill;
No sullen aleikoum—no derveesh is here,
And the mosques are all watching by lonely Kashmere!
Oh, come in the gush of thy beauty so full,
I have waited for thee, my adored attar-gul!

I see thee—I hear thee—thy antelope foot
Treads lightly and soft on the velvet cheroot;
The jewelled amaun of thy zemzem is bare,
And the folds of thy palampore wave in the air.
Come, rest on the bosom that loves thee so well,
My dove! my phingari! my gentle gazelle!

Nay, tremble not, dearest! I feel thy heart throb,
'Neath the sheltering shroud of thy snowy kiebaub;
Lo, there shines Muezzin, the beautiful star!
Thy lover is with thee, and danger afar—
Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant effendi, you fear?

Oh, swift fly the hours in the garden of bliss!
And sweeter than balm of Gehenna, thy kiss!
Wherever I wander—wherever I roam,
My spirit flies back to its beautiful home:
It dwells by the lake of the limpid Stamboul,
With thee, my adored one! my own attar-gul!

The Massacre of the Macpherson.

FROM THE GAELIC.

I.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish;
Marched into their land,
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remaining.
They were all he had,
To back him in ta pattle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery goot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch the pasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are not you ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To visit any person?
You're a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your beaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot behaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!"

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up ta water.

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivat.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 't is new t' ye!
Here 's your fery coot healths,
And tamn ta whisky tuty!

The Queen in France.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PART I.

It fell upon the August month,
When landsmen bide at hame,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faem.

And she has taen the silk and gowd,
The like was never seen;
And she has taen the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

"Yese bide at hame, Lord Wellington:
Ye daurna gang wi' me;
For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
And that's eneuch for ye.

"Yese bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
A league, but barely twa,
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.

"O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their Queen;
What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e'e sae green?"

"My heart is sick, my heid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie:
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee.

"It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea!"

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
Till England sank behind,
And over to the coast of France
They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o' France,
Was birling at the wine;
"O wha may be the gay ladye,
That owns that ship sae fine?

"And wha may be that bonny lad,
That looks sae pale and wan?
I'll wad my lands o' Picardie,
That he 's nae Englishman!"

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
"It is the Queen o' braid England
That 's come across the sea."

"And O an' it be England's Queen,
She 's welcome here the day;
I 'd rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae.

"Gae, kill the eerock in the yard,
The auld sow in the stye,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pie!"

And he has gane until the ship,
As sune as it drew near,
And he has ta'en her by the hand—
"Ye 're kindly welcome here!"

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither;
And he ca'ed her his sister dear,
And she ca'ed him her brither.

"Light doun, light doun now, ladye mine,
Light doun upon the shore;
Nae English king has trodden here
This thousand years and more."

"And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu' weel I may,
O am I free to feast wi' you,
And free to come and gae?"

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o' Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane,

"I 've lippened to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen;
"But I 'll never lippen to it again,
Sae lang 's the grass is green.

"Yet gae your ways, my sovereign liege,
Since better may na be;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie!"

Then doun she lighted frae the ship,
She lighted safe and sound;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, my Lord," she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame?
I see the crown upon her heid;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kissed the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gi'en her hand to the young Princess
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castle,
That's biggit beside the sea:
But aye when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her e'e.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese,
But and the porter fine;
And he gied her the puddock-pies
But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spake the dourest prince,
An admiral was he;
"Let's keep the Queen o' England here,
Sin' better may na be!

"O mony is the dainty king
That we hae trappit here;
And mony is the English yerl
That's in our dungeons drear!"

"You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
There never yet was Englishman,
That came to skaith by me.

"Gae out, gae out, ye fause traitor!
Gae out until the street;
It's shame, that Kings and Queens should sit
Wi' sic a knave at meat!"

Then up and raise the young French lord,
In wrath and hie disdain—
"O ye may sit, and ye may eat
Your puddock-pies alane!

"But were I in my ain gude ship,
And sailing wi' the wind,
And did I meet wi' auld Napier,
I'd tell him o' my mind."

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
And her colour went and came;
"Gin ye met wi' Charlie on the sea,
Ye'd wish yersell at hame!"

And aye they birlit at the wine,
And drank right merrilie,
Till the auld cock crawed in the castle-yard,
And the abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaed until her bed,
And Prince Albert likewise;
And the last word that gay ladye said
Was—"O thae puddock-pies!"

PART II.

The sun was hie within the lift
Afore the French King raise;
And syne he louped until his sark,
And warslit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
Gae up until the toun;
And gin ye meet wi' the auld harper,
Be sure ye bring him doun."

And he has met wi' the auld harper;
O but his een were red;
And the bizzing o' a swarm o' bees
Was singing in his heid.

"Alack! alack!" the harper said,
"That this should e'er hae been!
I daurna gang before my liege,
For I was fou yestreen."

"It 's ye maun come, ye auld harper,
Ye daurna tarry lang;
The King is just dementit-like
For wanting o' a sang."

And when he came to the King's chamber,
He loutit on his knee,
"O what may be your gracious will
Wi' an auld, frail man like me?"

"I want a sang, harper," he said,
"I want a sang richt speedilie;
And gin ye dinna make a sang,
I 'll hang ye up on the gallows tree."

"I canna do 't, my liege," he said,
"Hae mercy on my auld gray hair!
But gin that I had got the words,
I think that I might mak the air."

"And wha 's to mak the words, fause loon,
When minstrels we have barely twa;
And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
And Victor Hugo far awa?"

"The deil may gang for Lamartine,
And flie awa wi' auld Hugo,
For a better minstrel than them baith
Within this very toun I know.

"O kens my liege the gude Walter,—
At hame they ca' him Bon Gualtier?—
He 'll rhyme ony day wi' True Thomas,
And he is in the castle here."

The French King first he lauchit loud,
And syne did he begin to sing:—
"My e'en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
Or I suld hae known the minstrels' King.

"Gae take to him this ring o' gowd,
And this mantle o' the silk sae fine,
And bid him mak a maister sang
For his sovereign ladye's sake and mine."

"I winna take the gowden ring,
Nor yet the mantle fine:
But I 'll mak the sang for my ladye's sake,
And for a cup of wine."

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
The King ahint her back;
And aye she dealed the red honours,
And aye she dealed the black;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
She spake richt courteouslie:—
"Now will ye play, Lord Admiral,
Now will ye play wi' me?"

The dourest Prince he bit his lip,
And his brow was black as glaur:
"The only game that ever I play
Is the bluidy game o' war!"

"And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair;
Ye 'd better stick to the game at cards,
For you 'll win nae honours there!"

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leuch
Till the tears ran blithely doun;
But the Admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o' the Field o' Gowd,
In the days of auld langsyne;
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas
Wi' his brither king to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
"I 'll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang."

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa',
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said
"It 's time I was awa!

"O, bonny are the fields o' France,
And saftly draps the rain;
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a' their lane.

"Now ye maun come to me, Sir King,
As I have come to ye;
And a benison upon your heid
For a' your courtesie!"

Now he has ta'en her lily white hand
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta'en her to the strand
And left her in her ship.

"Will ye come back, sweet burd," he cried,
"Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the laverocks sing,
In the spring-time o' the year?"

"It's I would blithely come, my Lord,
To see ye in the spring;
It's I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing.

"It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I lo'e the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies!"

Caroline.

Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!
Easy, breezy Caroline!
With thy locks all raven-shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep—
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hookéd nose,
Pulling of my hair?
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Tricksy cousin Caroline?

When a sudden sound I hear,
Much my nervous system suffers,
Shaking through and through,—
Cousin Caroline, I fear,
'T was no other hand but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
Springing such a mine!
'T was no other but yourself,
Wicked-trickéd, little elf,
Naughty cousin Caroline!

Pins she sticks into my shoulder,
Places needles in my chair,
And, when I begin to scold her,
Tosses back her combéd hair
With so saucy—vexed an air,
That the pitying beholder
Cannot brook that I should scold her:
Then again she comes, and bolder,
Blacks anew this face of mine,
Artful cousin Caroline!

Would she only say she'd love me,
Winsome tinsome Caroline,
Unto such excess 't would move me,
Teazing, pleasing cousin mine!
That she might the live-long day
Undermine the snuffer tray,
Tickle still my hookéd nose,
Startle me from calm repose,
With her pretty persecution;
Throw the tongs against my shins,
Run me through and through with pins,
Like a piercéd cushion;
Would she only say she'd love me,
Darning needles should not move me;
But, reclining back, I'd say,
"Dearest! there's the snuffer tray;
Pinch, O pinch those legs of mine!
Cork me, cousin Caroline!"

Comfort in Affliction.

"Wherefore starts my bosom's lord?
Why this anguish in thine eye?
Oh, it seems as thy heart's cord
Had broken with that sigh!

"Rest thee, my dear lord, I pray,
Rest thee on my bosom now!
I will wipe the dews away
Are gathering on thy brow.

"There, again! that fevered start!
What, love! husband! is thy pain?
There 's a sorrow on thy heart,
A weight upon thy brain!

"Nay, that sickly smile can ne'er
Deceive affection's searching eye;
'T is a wife's duty, love, to share
Her husband's agony.

"Since the dawn began to peep,
Have I lain with stifled breath;
Heard thee moaning in thy sleep,
As thou wert at grips with death.

"Oh, what joy it was to see
My gentle lord once more awake!
Tell me, what is amiss with thee?
Speak, or my heart will break!"

"Mary, angel of my life,
Thou hast evermore been kind;
'T is not, believe me, my dear wife,
The anguish of the mind!

"It is not in my bosom, dear,
No, nor my brain, in sooth;
But, Mary, oh, I feel it here,
Here in my wisdom tooth!

"Then give me,—first, best antidote,—
Sweet partner of my bed!
Give me thy flannel petticoat
To wrap around my head!"





Sonnet to Britain.

BY THE D—— OF W——.

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover!
As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention!
Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered—*Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling.—Silence in the ranks!
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foemen droop;
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!



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